\$2 A YEAR, STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

"Milly, forgive a poor old stupid

goose. This letter has been lying

under my best crushed coffee three

months and a day. And there's a

So it was Will. after all, and Job

We clip the follwing pleasant

paragraph from the St. Louis Dis-

ever he may be, has a letter in a

which he advocates suicide and

murder as a duty, under certain

conditions. He says he has asked

they "think painful, useless, and

hopeless life ought to be ended."

and another in which a sick old

life ruins the young life that at-

tends it. Under the music de-

signations of "Euthanasia," he

speaks of this sort of murder as an

act that ought to be publicly approv-

ed and realized, under certain con-

ditions. He thinks that, "properly

would not be liable to abuse." It is

The following took place in at

Attorney S. You say that Ellis

S. What did he do on the 30th?

W. That was Sunday and we went

W. He thrashed wheat on that day,

S. What did he do on the 33d?

S. What did he do on the 34th?

S. What did he do on the-

But before the question could be

"You old foel! don't you know

Gen. Whitthorne claims as a

who made a speech against the back

salary grab. But after reflecting

pay it he concluded to give them

the benefit of it. Therefore he drew

established at Nashville, the money

interest to be applied to the educa-

tion of such boys as may be recom-

mended by the several county courts

of his Congressional district. Boys

straight to preaching or to Congress.

the American people to feel that

this is the kind of man who makes

It has been suggested that Presi-

nominate Hon. Horace Maynard to

supply.

their laws?

quit "sticking" type.

the vacancy thus created.

S. What did he do on the 32d?

tempting to prove an alibi:

W. He chopped wood.

S. On the 31st?

squirrel hunting.

out some handles.

W. He chopped wood.

in his affrightened ear-

month of November?"

the duty of somebody to kill Prof.

py hearts. And no need to pity

And then says I:-

vessel in the offing now."

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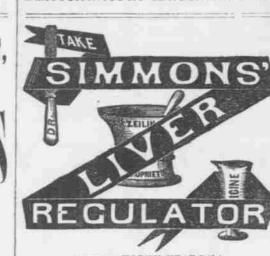
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foetry.

MORRISTOWN GAZ

A Sad Story.

It's about an ancient cannibal man Who came from an island near Japan, A cannibal man who was tough and old When Barnum bought him and paid in gold, And whether the man or Barnum was sold, You will learn in this solemn story. His teeth were sharp as the teeth of a saw,

And he had two rows in his lower jaw Filed and polished and ready for use On any customer full of juice, Or the first fine baby that lay around loose, For babies were all his glory. But Barnum kept his man in a cage,

Though he felt quite sure, at the fellow's age, That his cannibalistic feats were done, Unless he should eat a man for fun; And once on the sly he fed him one, Which wasn't a wise proceeding. For having tasted a white man's meat, He was always ready to kill and eat,

And he looked with longing at rosy girls

Who came to the show in shining curls,

With cheeks like peaches and teeth like pearls, And he wondered how they tasted. It happened once, when the flesh was weak, That he snatched a bite from a rosy cheek, When Barnum entered the cage to beat him, The cannibal thought he had come to treat hir

Without even salt or pepper. And though he was stringy and awful tough, For a good square meal he proved enough, Alas! alack! what a terrible omen; It teaches to women as well as to showmen, That whether cannibal, Greek or Roman, Be ever so old, you can't trust no man,

And so straightway began to eat him,

Hiscellaneous.

MILLY MORE'S LETTER. How It Happened She Didn't Have to Wait Three Months,

I'm Aunty Gunter. Job Gunter Rogersville, Tenn., from 1st to 15th of each month. is my husband. We keep the Anchor Port Post Office and a store, and sell sit down there. G. T. MAGEE, shoes and medicines, like other folks but what good does talking do?

sailors come home to their wives and believe he is gone. I can't, I can't." Attorneys at Law, while to lay in ribbons for the girls and sister, Mill."

> have a right to expect them, and there sewing and I heard it all. Oh, when they haven't all the same.

-after Jack lies at the bottom of I, when my heart is in the sea with and this superscription : the sea, and nothing will ever reach Willie?" them but the news of his shipwreck. "Capt. Kincaid!" I said, and I But plenty of letters come after all, couldn't say any more; she took my and sometimes we have to read them | breath away. She was a nice, pretfor the folks, Job and I, and so we ty girl; but the Captain was rich, get to know something of their lives. elegant and stylish. An old family

herself, but still I always knew when | for Milly More. I knew it by the handwriting, and I while. "Perhaps you'll feel better. knew it by her blushes, and by that He's old, I know, but he's a splendid happy look in her face. When he man." came home, she bought ribbons and "You too!" she said. "You too! though I knew the hand was Will bits of lace by the apronfull; and I Nobody understands. It isn't as if knew where the packages of candy I had made up my mind, like all the that he bought were to go. And I rest. Will will always be a living used to keep Job from fishing down man to my mind. I don't think in Pullman's creek of afternoons, be- any one ever loved but me. Nobody cause I knew that was where Milly understands-nobody." and Will liked to walk. Courting I kissed her and coaxed her; and time comes but once in a lifetime, I said no word about her changing and I always liked to see it prosper. her mind; but for all that I kept At last he sailed away, second thinking of it in a kind of amaze. mate of the Golden Dove, and when he came back from the voyage they were to be married.

It was a sad day when the ship sailed. Mrs. Capt. Rawdon and her girls were crying from the shore. her set sail.

Will took Milly to his breast.

of night, in a most woeful storm. Capt. Kincaid brought the news to | More and Fanny. Mrs. Rawdon. He stopped at the Once having given me her confistore to tell about it. A nice old dence Milly didn't stop, and Mrs.

and red cheeks, as a picture.

That was twelve months ago, the night I went into the store to sort you aren't his widow to wear weeds things out, as I always did Saturday all your life-not that many do, if nights. Through the week Job used they can help it, it seems to meto get everything mixed up-letters and Capt. Kincaid is as good as man in my tea bexes, candles in the let- can be, and you'll be happy with ter box, eggs where they oughtn't him. You can't help loving him as to be, and all the place askew. It much as there's any need to love." was a warm autumn night, and Capt. After that she stopped talking Kincaid's, vessel was in port, and much to me. She used to give me we had plenty of custom. Job sery- strange looks, though. I knew all ed months spent in hoping for suc-

And he laughed and piled 'em up. just gave up at last.

I had twenty-four pounds of sugar suppose, whether I marry or not." known as "coffee crushed," because After that she never spoke of Capt. Kincaid either, for he married it was prepared especially to use in Will, and Mrs. More told me she Fanny Mere before the year was out. coffee. That was the finest sugar was engaged; and she wore a dia-Anchor Hill folks often bought, mond ring on her finger. And the though I had a little cut and pow- day before the ship sailed she was dered by me in case Mrs. Rawdon to marry Capt. Kincaid, so she might | patch: "A Professor Newman, whoer Mrs. Dr. Speer or the minister's go to Europe with him. lady should send in; and I took the A year and three months since the recent number of The Spectator, in paper up and tilted it over the Golden Dove went down, Well, no japanned box, pouring, in a nice one can tell what changes a little smooth stream, when who should while will bring. I used to hope come in but Milly More. She was that I hadn't much hand in it, after the opinions of many people and not dressed carefully, and her eyes all, when I thought it over, and rewere red with crying.

Job was weighing it she whispered

from Will! He said he couldn't die. he write after all? Do look!"

"My pet," says I, "it's a year ago | comfort, wasn't it? that the Golden Dove went down. It isn't likely. And He don't let I to Job. "It's going to be in the those live that want to always. It church. Miss Salisbury is finishing isn't likely, dear, but I'll look."

by one. Many of them would make keep store, and go, won't we? You'll hearts glad before the shutters were like to see Milly off, won't you?" up that night, but none for Milly; it could'nt be expected, of course.

I told her so, but I took her into

in our line, when anybody asks for "Oh, Aunty," says she, "I know it empty yet since that day I filled it seems as if I was a fool, but I woke up. And then Job sorting the let When the ships come in and the up hoping this morning. I don't

mothers trade goes brisk. The "When baby died-the only one M'RINNET BARTON. housekeepers do their best, and the we ever had-I thought I never raisins and dried curants and eggs should believe it," said I. "But I This here wooden thing with a slide and butter go off finely, and its worth have Job, and you have your mother is a pesky bother."

put her head down on my knee. Jack and his wages make old "I must tell you," said she, "They in it; jest stick 'em anywhere, I women seem to ask for will be letters, with me the night he brought the I'm glad you spoke before I filled it letters, letters, letters, when they news to Mrs. Capt. Rawdon; I was up. how cruel to fall in love with a poor It's "Please, Aunty Gunter, look girl at such a time! And he asks sugar over them, and see if there aren't me to be his wife. And mother and one for me," and it's "Please, Uncle Fanny shall always have a home, he out in a sort of cake. There it laid, Gunter, it might have got mixed up says, and you know how poor we white and shiny, and on the top of

Milly More could read and write he came of, too. It was an honor

she had a letter from Will Masset. "Not just vet," said I, after a I'd thought her half crazy; and I'd

Capt. Kincaid! Such a gentleman

as that! Old as he was, could she fail to see the honor? But when I told Job, says he: "Jerusalem! a young, pretty girl

like Milly! Why don't he go after Twenty women from the Port and some widder or an eldish gal? Milly five from the Hill were there to see is too young for him. Poor Will! What a pity! They just suited each It was under an old sycamore that other." I couldn't help it, though. Mrs.

"Don't fret, darling," he said, Capt. Kincaid would have things "I'll come back safe and sound. I that Milly More could never dream couldn't drown now; I've too much of-silk dresses and velvet cloaks. Peor boy! In spite of that the rooms, a silver ice pitcher, if she times. You remember how he kiss-Golden Dove went down in mid- chose, like Mrs. Capt. Rawdon. She ed her there under the sycamore, seas, and only three men reached might have a carriage, too, and Anchor Port to tell how Capt, Raw. pair of ponies. And I liked Milly, den and the rest were lost, at dead and would'nt have envied her luck one bit, and I did'nt wonder at Mrs.

man. A bachelor still, at fifty-eight, More came over to talk about it, too, and as handsome, with his white hair until at last I fairly up and sided my back. with the old lady myself.

"Milly," said I, "Will is gone and

ed the people while I tidied up. I shout it. I knew that her beart was found half the last mail in the sugar in the sea; but Will was gone, and ward bound had picked him up. He box, and clothespins in the ground why should she refuse what Provi- would be home in three months. coffee canister, and I just dumped dence effered?

The Captain stayed at the Port can I wait?"

"Gather up your letters, Job," three months, and at last we worried said I: "what possesses you, old I er into promising to be his wifeold Mrs. More, Fanny and I. She

And I made a vow to myself that I'd "It don't matter much, after all," keep the sugar-box full after that, she said. "I must be going out of so that he shouldn't use it for the my mind, for I never can stop watching and waiting. I shall die soon, I and I went to the wedding with hap-

membered poor Will when he took She asked for some tea, and while her in his arms under the sycamore.

But then, you see, Mrs. More's sight had failed, so that she couldn't "Oh! Aunty Gunter, have you do fine sewing, and Fanny wasn't of looked to-day? Isn't there a letter much account, except to look at. It was a hard life that lay before I don't feel as if he could. Mighn't Milly. It was good for her to marry from greater and prolonged suffering ; Capt. Kincaid and have rest and

"To-morrow is the wedding," said my silver gray poplin. It sets splen-I took the letters in my hand, one did. We'll have Ben Barnes in to "I wish it was Will Masset." said

"Poor Will!" says I, and went on my little back parlor and made her tidying, though it was Friday, I should be so busy next day. I got groceries and garden sass, calico, I talked as good as I could to her; out my big paper of sugar, and I got down my japanned sugar box, never ters, looks up at times.

> "Never begrudged you anything so much as I do that box," says he "Best thing I ever put mail into.

"Law me !" says I, "if I knowed and smoking tobacco and long pipes At that she burst into tears and you wanted it you should have bad it. I didn't think you had any plan Anchor Port brisk for a while, but want me to marry Capt. Kincaid, thought you would. I'll empty the at last he sails away, and all'the He's courting me. He fell in love box; I've got one that'll do. And

> So with that I spread a big paper on the counter and emptied out the

It had packed a little, and come and overlooked somehow;" often are. And they're angry at me for it, white and shinier, laid a letterand often-God help the poor souls! saving no. And how can I, how can a letter with a ship mark upon it, "MISS MILLY MORE,

> "Anchor Port, Maine, "United States of America." Three months ago-poor stupid-I had emptied my best coffee crushed in upon it, and there it was. Three months ago she had come down to me and asked for a letter, and

> given more money than there was in the till to have dared to tear that letter open on the spot and read it,

"This can't wait," says I. "No," says Job, "it can't with that wedding coming off to-morrow."

Then I stopped and thought. Let it lie until it is called for, and she'll be Mrs. Capt. Kincaid, with her silks and her velvet, and her fine house and her carriage, all the same. This comes from a shipwrecked sailor, poorer now than when he went rather be a crippled Confederate ceived a key by post, and a note

wedding is over, Job," said I.

something was better than money and fine doings then. And though we old folks may get a little hardthough to be up in the world seems so much and all that sweetness so jewelry and stuffed chairs in her best silly, why, it will come back someand, Nancy, we couldn't wait until

after the wedding, either of us." I put my arms around Job's neck, and kissed him; and then I got my sun bonnet and ran over to Mrs. More's.

More. "I-I haven't time," says I. "It's \$15,000,000 in gold. If it is worth

only an errand. It's a little singu- that now, we presume that he will Milly, there's a-a." "My letter! my letter!" cried Milly, "it has come at last!" How she knew it, heaven knows

She hadn't had a glimpse of it. It was the old sailor's story, a shipwreck, a deserted island, wretchcor and a sail at last. A vessel out-

One square, (ten lines, or less,) for first insertion One Dollar, each subsequent insertion Fifty cents.
A liberal discount from the above rate will be

Counting a Hundred.

From the Danbury News,

A Danbury man named Reubens recently saw a statement that counting one hundred when tempted to speak an angry word, would save a man a great deal of trouble. This statement sounded a little singular at first, but the more he read it over the more favorably he became impressed with it, and finally concluded to adopt it. Next door to Reubens lives a man who has made five distinct attempts in the past fortnight to secure a dinner of green peas by the first of July, and every time he has been retarded by Reubens' hens. The next morning after Reubens made his resolution this man found his fifth attempt to have miscarried. Then he called on Reubens. He

"What in thunder do you mean In regard to murder, he supposes by letting your hens tear up my two cases-one in which a member

of a partry passing through the wil-Reubens was prompted to call him derness breaks down, and must be a mud-snoot, a new name just comleft behind in order that the others ing into general use, but he rememmay save their lives, and begs to be bered his resolution, put down his killed at once, in order to save him rage, and meekly observed:

> "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight-" Then the mad neighbor who had been eyeing this answer with a great deal of suspicion, broke in again.

"Why don't you answer my question, you rascal?" But still Reubens maintained his equanimity, and went on with the restricted the privilege of murder

"Nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen-" The mad neighbor stared harder

"Seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty, twenty-one-" "You are a mean skunk," said the olowed for you all day on the 29th of

mad neighbor, backing toward the Witness-(referring to his book) Reubens' face flushed at this

charge, but he only said "Twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five, twenty-six-" At this figure the neighbor got up on the fence in some haste, but sud-

denly thinking of his peas, he opened his month: "You mean, low-lived rascal, for two cents I could knock your crack-W. It was raining, and he shaved ed head over a barn, and I would-"

"Twenty-seven, twenty-eight," interrupted Reubens, "twenty-nine, thirty, thirty-one, thirty-two, thirtythree-" Here the neighbor broke for the finished, the witness's wife seized house, and entering it violently him by the collar and whisked him

slammed the door behind him; but

outside of the witness box yelling Reubens did not dare let up on the enunciation, and so he stood out there alone in his own yard, and there are only thirty-one days in the kept on counting, while burning cheeks and flashing eyes eloquently affirmed his judgment. When he got up into the eighties his wife came to matter of history that he was the the door in some alarm. only Congressman from the South

"Why, Reubens, man, what is the matter with you?" she said. "Do come into the house." that his people would be taxed to But he didn't let up. She came out to him, and clung trembling to

him, but he only looked into her eyes the amount and donated it to the Southern Methodist University to be "Ninety-three, ninety-four, ninetyfive, ninety-six, ninety-even, ninetyto remain a perpetual fund and the eight, ninety-nine, one hundred-go into the house, old woman, or I'll

And she went.

educated on that fund will be apt to Some persons exhibit grew up good and great men, and go extraordinary desire for notoriety, no matter at what expense to them-Gen. D. H. Hill, of the Charlotte selves. A pawnbroker of Oldham, (N. C.) Home, asks: "who would not England, named John Butler, resoldier munching a crust of bread, which said, "The key to the mys-"Perhaps I'd better wait until the than poor Longstreet, the pet of tery; open it and you will know Grant, and the idol of Louisiana your enemy. Yours, Nobody." And my old man came across the thieves?" Until Gen. Hill learns Soon afterward a box came to his room and put his arm around my to construct conundrums that we can house, the mysterious key fitted its solve wthout hurting poor Long- lock, and when Butler epened the "Nancy," says he, "you and I was street's feelings, we hope he will do box a pisiol concealed within it young folks once. I used to think us the kindness to quit the business, exploded and came near killing him. The matter was placed in the hands Alcorn, the Senator from Misof detectives, who soon discovered sissippi, defends the back-salary that it was Butler himself who had steal on the ground that Washsent the box. For years he had ington society is very bad and membeen in the habit of writing and bers need their wives with them to posting threatening letters to himkeep them straight. Well, vou canself, and once he had stabbed himnot always tell what a scallawag self, pretending that some one had may need. But isn't cheerful for tried to assassinate him.

It is said that within the last twenty years people have squan-Mr. William Holden, a printer at | dered \$25,000,000 in trying to estabpresent working on Phillip's South- lish daily newspapers in the city of Capt. Kincaid was there. I stood ern Farmer. in Memphis, was re- New York. We don't believe it, at the door, with the letter behind cently notified by his attorneys that but if we had one-tenth of the sum he is one of three heirs to an estate we wouldn't care a continental "Won't you walk in!" says Mrs. in England, which, one hundred and whether any daily newspapers were sixty-eight years ago, was worth started or not.

The New Orleans Republican says : "Governor Kellogg is determined to put a stop to all the various plans that have been in vogue for plundering the State treasury." Then dent Grant will probably appoint a he will probably put an end to himpresent member of the Supreme Court to the Chief Justiceship, and

The Missionary Beard of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, It is estimated that between forty recently decided to raise within the and fifty barrels of whicky are man- next year a missionary fund of \$250, ufactured daily in Moore county, and | 000. They also projected a Mexican "Three months!" said Milly. "Oh, yet the demand is greater than the mission. So says the Nashville Banner

ADVERTISING RATES